THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 22, 1809.

Present State of the Manners and Amusements of the Russians.

THE Russians have nothing in common with the Germans; they are active, cheerful, and fond of pleasure; gaiety is as characteristic of a Russian as of a Frenchman; he is to the full as thoughtless and as volatile.

A Russian neither walks, rides, and scarcely can remain in his seat a moment without singing. Every labour has its appropriate tune, and in the burthen of his song he seems to forget the load of his fatigue. It is therefore a customary recreation of the higher ranks in Petersburgh to take with them into their boats, on their parties of pleasure, a band of good singers, who may sing to them the popular Russian airs. In summer the Neva is covered with boats which are full of these singers, and nothing can be more delightful than a walk on the quay, to listen to this music as sweet as it is simple. The Russian popular music has a very strong resemblance to the Scotch.

The Russians are equally fond of the dance; they have a particular dance amongst them, which they distinguish by the name of the dove dance, and which in fact is the natural dance of the country. It is performed by one couple, who stand facing each other, at some distance, and act through all its parts the drama of making love to each other. The gentleman importunes, the lady is coy; the gentleman urges, the lady softens; the gentleman begins dancing; the lady after some reluctance gives him her hand, and the dance begins. It resembles very strongly the Spanish *fandango*, but has more modesty, though equal expression. It is invariably the favourite dance at all entertainments.

Another characteristic amusement among the Russians is the bathing-house. The bath is as national and universal in Russia as it was formerly in Greece and Rome, and is at present in Turkey. The Russians of all classes frequent the baths as if they were playhouses. These baths are usually situated by the side of the rivers or canals, and are all of them open to both sexes. The greater part of them are vapour-baths, the bath-room having a large vaulted oven, which is so strongly heated that the field stones which form the upper part of it are glowing hot. For augmenting this heat, water is sprinkled on these stones, by which means the room is immediately filled with vapour. Round the walls are benches and scaffolds, by which every person may ascend, or descend into what degree of heat he may prefer. The bathers sit or lie in this hot vapour until they are covered with a perspiration, which falls from them like rain. From time to time they stand up in tubs, and have buckets of hot and cold water poured over them.

The common Russians are as fond of boxing and wrestling as the common English, but they have not their fashionable boxers as in England. A Russian nobleman would still think himself disgraced by bringing himself on a level with a fighting blacksmith. A Belcher in Petersburgh would be speedily sent to the armies.

Another amusement with the Russians is the swing. In order to understand this diversion, it is necessary to understand the mechanism of the swings in use. They are of three kinds; some have a vibrating motion, others are turned round in a perpendicular, and others in a horizontal direction. The first of them consists of two high posts, on the top of which rests an axle having two pair of poles fixed in its centre. Each of these pair of poles has at its two extremities a seat suspended to a moveable axis. The proprietor, by turning the axis that rests on two posts, makes all the eight seats go round in a perpendicular circle, so that they alternately almost touch the ground, and then are mounted aloft in the air. The last kind is composed of chairs, chariots, sledges, wooden horses, swans, goats, &c. fastened at the extremity of long poles, and forced rapidly round in a horizontal circle. In the Easter holidays all kinds of machines are set up in the public squares, and the towns are one uniform scene of motion and pleasure. The nobility sometimes actually mix in these diversions; at others they drive round the scene in their splendid coaches, and altogether render the *tout ensemble* a most brilliant and picturesque spectacle.

But the main diversion of the Russians of all classes is the ice-hill. This amusement can necessarily take place only in the winter, when the Neva is frozen over. The ice-hill is then thus constructed:—it is composed of a scaffold of large timbers,

bers, about six fathoms in height, having steps on one side for ascending it, and on the other a steep inclined plane, formed of large blocks of ice laid together and consolidated by pouring water over them 'till the whole has frozen together. Along this plain the men descend as well as the women, in little low sledges with the most astonishing rapidity, and by the momentum required in the descent are impelled to a great distance along a large field of ice carefully swept clear of snow for that purpose, which brings them to a second hill, on which they mount, and return as before. The Neva is covered with carriages, in which the nobility and gentry are spectators, and not unfrequently actors in these sports. Booths are erected on every part of the river; the whole, during the winter, has a strong resemblance to an English fair, only that it is continued from day to day during the whole season. All the population of Petersburgh, their carriages, horses, &c. are not unfrequently supported on the bosom of the Neva, in a place where perhaps a few weeks previously large ships were sailing. If the mildness of the season, however, be such as to cause any apprehensions that the river could not stand this pressure, precautions are taken by the police to prevent accidents.

The public amusements of the higher classes of St. Petersburgh differ very considerably from those of other countries. The establishments for public amusement are neither in number nor in sumptuousness proportionate to the wealth and population of Petersburgh. The reason of this is in the prevailing fashion, which is not in favour of an intermixture of the different classes of society. Here, in fact, is the main characteristic of Peterburgh as a metropolis. In London and Paris entertainments are fashionable in proportion as they are crowded; there is an intermixture even to confusion of all classes; every one may go and does go who can pay the price of admission. In Russia every thing is the reverse; what is called good company, is confined in family parties, circles of acquaintance, clubs, &c. to which a traveller cannot obtain admission without great difficulty, and which being without intermixture, and generally with a very high opinion of themselves, are formal, stately, and unentertaining. It is even deemed unbecoming to visit public places; ladies scarcely ever enter a playhouse. In a word, the fashion is against them.

As a substitute for theatres, therefore, the Russian fashionable world have instituted clubs. These are usually close and select circles, and have the usual appendages of such; an empty pride and unmeaning and artificial formality. The three principal clubs at present existing are the English club, the noble club, and the burghers' club.

The English club is the first in the rank of respectability; all foreigners of respectable introduction and appearance are

admitted into this club on a yearly subscription of about two pounds English. The newspapers, monthly journals, and a library, are attached to this club.

The noble club is so called because of noble institution; every one, however, is admitted into this club who is of respectable manners and appearance; there is no exclusion, as is usual in Germany. Cards, billiards, and conversation, are the main objects; there are frequently balls and dinners.

The burghers' club is particularly framed for the entertainment of the general population, and from the intermixture of its company is the most entertaining of the whole. Here may be seen every class of society mingled together, and each social and considerate of the amusement of the other. Cards, and gaming of all kinds, are carried in this club to a very high point. The wines are of the first quality, and the supper is of the first magnificence; the court is very frequently of the burghers' party.

The Russians are likewise peculiarly attached to their public walks, or promenades; the summer garden is constantly attended by all ranks of people; its walks are shaded by lime-trees, which have now become venerable by age. The prospect from hence on the Neva is delightful beyond description; here in the fine evenings in spring the whole population of Petersburgh, the rich, the poor, the tradesman, and the noble assemble, and here each displays what constitutes the pride of each. Here likewise, at one and the same time, may be seen an assemblage of individuals of all the numerous kingdoms and provinces which compose the Russian empire, each habited in his respective costume.

The promenade on the Neva Quay is another favourite resort of the Russians of all classes. It is decorated on one side with a series of the most elegant edifices in Petersburgh; the Neva likewise is in itself a grand object; the bustle of commerce, the vessels moving to and fro, cutting the waves in full sail, create an agreeable contrast with the lively scene of business on the shore. Wherever the eye turns, it meets with some striking object of art or industry. Such elegant streets are perhaps not to be seen in Europe as are on both sides of the Neva. The marble palace, the castle, and numerous other public buildings, are visible from this promenade, which, as a public walk, is certainly unrivalled in the world; the prado at Madrid will not bear a comparison with it.

This quay is the favourite resort both in winter and spring; in the fine days of winter it serves as a terrace, from which the spectators may view the animating scene on the Neva. The rich and fashionable throng it by thousands; for their better accommodation the footpath is during the whole winter swept of snow, and strewed with fine sand to prevent it from being

being slippery. The icy surface of the Neva, as viewed from this terrace, presents a most picturesque prospect; it is divided and intersected, like a spacious plain, into a thousand roads, and every road has its different object. When to this you add the perpetual throng of sledges and other vehicles passing and repassing on these singular highways, the sports of the ice-hills, and the noise, the merriment, the ludicrous falls of some, and the happiness of all, an Englishman may easily form a just idea of the winter amusements of the Russians.

There is another public walk termed the Fontanka, which is likewise a very fashionable resort; it is chiefly conspicuous for the noble public buildings which are daily increasing. The Russian nobility have adopted a taste which at least promises to adorn their country; every nobleman now vies with another in his splendid palace; every part of the empire is already assuming a new face under his fashionable rage.

Another favourite, and, as it were, national amusement amongst the Russians, is their processions on certain festal days. The first of May is one of these days; on this day there is always a grand procession of all the people of fashion in their most splendid equipages to the wood of Katherinenhof. Innumerable new carriages are launched, and new liveries displayed on this day. The fashion of the year is determined by that carriage which is most generally admired in this promenade. A procession of greater magnificence is not to be seen in Europe; the carriages proceed in three or four rows, close beside or behind each other; the pleasure consists in seeing and being seen, and after some hours spent in this manner, every one hastens home satisfied and delighted.

Driving in sledges is another leading diversion amongst the great and fashionable. The sledges in use in this amusement are at once extremely simple and elegant; they are in the shape of shells, gondolas, swans, eagles, &c. They are universally drawn by a pair of horses, one being harnessed in the shafts, and another on the other side of the shaft. The art is to keep the shaft-horse in a trot, and the other in a gallop; the interest consists, of course, in the dexterity and in the rapidity. These sledges often drive in a race against each other; the horses are very fleet, and the banks and river are usually lined with spectators.

The Russians indeed of all classes, and more particularly perhaps the great and fashionable, are peculiarly fond of water parties. On the shores of the Neva innumerable boats are always plying; they are infinitely more elegant than those we are accustomed to see in London; every nobleman and gentleman, moreover, has his own barge, which is carved and gilded with the greatest possible magnificence. The rowers are all dressed in an elegant uniform; they are celebrated for their dexterity

dexterity in the use and practice of their oars. The rowers, morever, usually sing a song in chorus, and as the tunes are gay and simple, nothing can add more to the general tone of the animation which characterises the scene.

The Russians are not fond of public assemblies; Petersburgh, therefore, has one distinction above every other capital in Europe. There are no coffee-houses and taverns as in London, none at least for the use of the Russians. A Russian never thinks of dining at a tavern when he has a house and family at home. Of late years it is said that the French emigrants have instituted one or more of these coffee-houses, but they are so little in conformity with the manners of the people, that they meet with little encouragement.

The Russians are the most hospitable people in the world; to be a stranger is to be entitled to every act of kindness; hence a stranger well recommended in Petersburgh has very little need of the expences of the table; he is immediately admitted from one to every successive party, and may pass his life in an unintermitting round of visits.

This hospitality, in fact, characterises the Russians, as much as the general politeness pervading every rank characterises the French. The Russians of all classes hail the visit of a friend as a holiday; certain days of the year are set aside for this interchange of hospitality, and the welcome of the old feudal times is renewed in the hall of a Russian count.

Though many of the splendours of fashionable life have obtained admittance in the Russian empire, nothing of what may be termed fashionable foppery or fashionable frivolity, has as yet contaminated the original purity of Russian manners. They still retain all the hardihood of the north; they still retain their characteristic virtues and vices. A concert of the French or English stamp would be a phenomenon in a Russian assembly. The ladies are as far, on their part, from those fashionable extravagancies which characterize the belles of England and France; unfortunately it cannot be said that they are equally far from a fashionable profligacy of manners.

An ANECDOTE.

THE commissioners of taxes at Kensington were lately completely foiled by a lady who keeps a most respectable boarding-school at Colehern-house, Earl's-court, who being surcharged for two dogs, appealed. She appeared before the board, and upon being interrogated whether she did not keep a large yard-dog, replied in the affirmative. "Then," exclaimed the collector, "Ma'am, I have you; for I'll take my oath I saw a yellow and white spaniel at the window." "True," replied

replied the lady, " but the poor little fellow is only *stuffed*, and has been *dead* these two years!" The auditors burst into a laughing *bow wow*, and the officious collector retired so discomfited, that he will not again *shew his teeth before he can bite!*

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 70.

TO THE EDITOR.

" Mira, el amor que ordena,
Que os viene hazer creer,
Cosas dichas por muger,
Yescritas en el arena."

MONTE MAYOR.

" No prudent doubts fond love allows,
We act as he commands.
I trusted to a woman's vows,
Tho' written on the sands." ANON.

BEFORE I touch on the intended subject of my present letter, I shall transcribe what is said of the author of my motto, in the Evremoniana, 3d vol. French Anas.—" George Monte Mayor, so called from the place of his nativity, (Monte Mayor-el Velho, a town in Portugal, in the province of Beira) was distinguished for his genius in poetry and music. He died in 1560. His collection of poems were published under the title of Cancionero, in 1554, 2 vol. 8vo. His romance, entitled, Los siete libros de la Diana de Monte Mayor, in 8vo. en Valencia, was published in 1602. Baille's Iugemens des Savans, vol. iv. Poet. Mod." In the above verses a shepherd complains of a false mistress who had deceived him, after writing her eternal vows on the sandy margin of a river.

I have lately heard such a variety of love-tragedies, that I am induced to make it a subject of reflection. And first, let me observe, that I know nothing more base—nothing more pregnant with misery, than *inconstancy*. In which ever sex it is to be met with, I abominate it, as a basilisk that darts its envenomed fangs into the bosom of unprotected innocence. Of all the passions, love, probably, is the most violent, and least curable; so that any disappointment in it is frequently attended with very fatal consequences. How careful, then, should females be, not to trifle with the feelings of their admirers! It is but too true, that a young lady, possessed of great beauty, delights in attracting the notice of as many gay fellows as possible; conscious that her charms will always ensure her *one* of them

them at least, at the expence of the misery of the rest. Hence frequently originate duels, and a thousand other calamities, too dreadful to reflect on. What must be the feelings of such a woman who, after encouraging the addresses of some credulous youth, at last discards him for another more desirable? what must be her feelings, I ask, when she hears that her slighted lover has destroyed himself? Feel what she may, I cannot believe that her affliction will terminate *here*. No! the pen of the avenging angel will be dipped in the blood of suicide, and record the cause of it in the book of fate; whilst the awful voice of retributive justice pronounces it "*never to be obliterated.*"

I most particularly request that the ladies will not consider these anathemas denounced against themselves alone; on the contrary, I think a worse fate (if possible) will attend those of my own sex, who *(vice versa)* deceive the fairest and most amiable of created beings—woman!! Oh! may the memories of such abject creatures be held up *in terrorem*, as badges of infamy—miscreants—wretches, far from being entitled to any human appellation. Without *woman*, miserable would be our existence; a garden, destitute of flowers; a wilderness; a desolate, uninteresting vacuum! Oh, woman—lovely woman! may ye be as happy as you are charming! I cannot wish you more. And thou, my "———," (thy name shall not be recorded in these darky inky characters, since even golden ones would debase it) do thou bear witness how much I revere the virtues and the graces of thy sex.

Plautus, in his Cistellaria, act 2, scene 1, gives an excellent description of love. The Latin is admirably expressive, though somewhat dashed with a little portion of eccentricity. In his own language it begins with—

"Jactor, crucior, agitor, stimulor, versor in
Amoris rota miser &c. &c."

The Latin, as I before observed, is truly beautiful and expressive; but as I write chiefly for the amusement of the ladies, I shall, instead of transcribing it, (for my paper draws to a conclusion) substitute a good translation by Warner:

"I'm toss'd, tormented, agitated,
Prick'd, rack'd upon the wheel of love; distracted,
Torn, fainting am I hurried round; and thus
My inmost mind is in a cloud; that where
I am, I am not; where I am not, there
My mind is. Such are all my faculties:
I like and like not, as the moment passes.
Fatigued in mind, thus love does draw me on,
Pursues, drives, drags me, seizes, and retains,
Drains me to nothing, and then gives me all.

All that he gives retracts, and so deludes me.
From what he once persuaded, now dissuades;
What he dissuaded, holds out to my choice.
He treats me like the raging sea, and wrecks
My mind to madness. Nor is there an evil
I do not feel, but that I cannot drown
And sink outright."

Boileau was of opinion that the miseries of love would afford excellent materials for *comedy;* but very few *lovers,* I believe, will coincide in his opinion.

Love, *at present,* (for reasons best known to myself,) seems such a mawkish subject, that I must conclude, in order to escape a surfeit.—*Quantum sufficit.*

Your's,
My good Sir, sincerely,

X.

SONNET,

Addressed to the Rev. R Polwhele, the historian of Cornwall.

Poet! historian! (by whatever name
The muse may hail thee) fain would I desire
(The strain tho' humble) that *my* feeble lyre
Might add one flow'ret to thy wreath of fame.

Nor let the barb of haughty scorn assail
A bosom lab'ring with poetic fears,
For friendly is the tribute, tho' too frail
To brave (like verse of thine) the shock of years.

Whilst on oblivion's cloud-encircled plain,
Urg'd by despair, I join the plodding throng,
'Tis thine, Polwhele! a deathless name to gain,
The mutual pride of history and song;

For as thou mak'st Cornubia's annals known,
The trump that sounds *her* fame—proclaims *thy own.*

X.

St. Ives, April 26.

CITY *of* LONDON LITERATURE.

A *Learned* citizen lately called at a certain literary institution, and asked the librarian if he had got "Tully's Offices?" being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed,

" I'm glad of it. I want to see what he says about *The Six Clerk's Office.*"

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of EXCHEQUER, MAY 10.

GAME LAWS.

THE KING *v.* PROSSER.

MR. BARON GRAHAM read the notes which he had taken of this case when it was tried before him, at the last Gloucester assizes. The action had been brought at the instance of Sir —— Wathan, a gentleman who it appeared was distinguished in his neighbourhood for a rigorous inforcement of the game laws.

A Mr. Hawkins, who was by law qualified, resolved to treat the people in that neighbourhood with a few hares. He collected all the dogs he could find in that quarter, and killed nineteen hares in one day. Among the dogs borrowed was that of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, which had been kept by the defendant Prosser, the tenant of Mr. Jackson.

Prosser, at the request of Hawkins, went out with the dog, and took an active part in the sport; in consequence of which a prosecution was commenced against him under the statute of Anne, for using a dog for the destruction of game without having qualified by law. The jury found for the defendant.

Mr. Abbot moved in the exchequer for a new trial, and mentioned a nisi prius case, tried at Stafford, before Mr. Justice Lawrence, in which that very learned and accurate judge laid it down, that whosoever accompanied a qualified man in the chace, and took a share in the sport, was liable to the penalty under the act, unless himself qualified, excepting servants hired *pro hac vice.*

Mr. Serjeant Williams also supported this side of the question.

Mr. Dauncey, on the other hand, contended that such a doctrine would lead to the most monstrous consequences. A man going to the opera might upon this principle be said to use a fiddlestick, because he partook of the amusement. Every one who applauded at New-market might be said to keep a race-horse, and the ladies of Portman-square, who waved their handkerchiefs in admiration of the worthies of the Whip Club, might be considered members of that sapient society. Mr. D. also relied upon the case of the King *v.* Newman, where Lord Mansfield had disapproved of the conduct of a magistrate who

who had convicted two men for having attended a qualified man at a hunt.

Mr. Abbot stated that the case mentioned had been reported by Mr. Loft, who had since betaken himself to the writing of poetry, &c. It so happened that there was a great deal of poetry in his prose reports of law-cases, and therefore the accuracy of his reports had seldom been much relied on.

The lord chief baron observed, that before he affirmed or denied the doctrine laid down by Mr. Justice Lawrence he should wish to have it very fully considered. In the present case there was no occasion for that; besides it came within the exceptions universally allowed. Prosser had gone out, not for his own pleasure, but as the servant, *pro hac vice*, of Mr. Hawkins. The verdict, therefore, was unquestionably right.

The other judges concurred in this opinion, and the rule which had been obtained on a former day by Mr. Abbot, for a new trial, was accordingly discharged.

CHARACTER *of the late* EARL HARCOURT.

EARL HARCOURT possessed a very cultivated understanding. His mind was stored with no common portion of general knowledge, and the whole was refined by an exquisite taste. No man ever felt a higher sense of honour; no man ever acted from stronger impressions of moral duty, both as it regards the common offices of social life, or as it is enlarged and purified by the spirit of that religion which he most seriously professed. No man reflected more on the part he was called upon to perform in the world, or acted with greater rectitude on the principles which he had adopted. A natural love of tranquillity, a taste for the fine arts and the more flowery paths of literature, to which not only the circumstances of his early life, but the bent of his genius may have disposed him, and a constitution which never appeared to be calculated to encounter the fatigues of public business, might have combined to prevent his being engaged in any of the active departments of the state. The embassy to Spain was, we believe, during the marquis of Lansdown's administration, pressed upon him, and he declined it. The office of master of the horse to her majesty, was, we have equal reason to believe, conferred upon him, as a mark of personal regard, by the king, and he enjoyed it to the close of his life. Hence it is that this nobleman was only known in the great circle of the world, by an appearance suited to his rank and office, the distinguished urbanity of his manners, and as a lover and admirable judge of

the fine arts, in which, as far as he chose to indulge himself, he may be said to have excelled.

At Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, his country residence, and whose native beauties his taste had so embellished and improved as to render it one of the most admired places in that part of the kingdom, he was a blessing to all who lived within the sphere of his protection; while to the neighbourhood it is well known that the village of Nuneham is so ordered by the regulations he framed—by the encouragements he afforded—by the little festivals he established, and the rewards he distributed, as to display a scene of good order, active industry, moral duty, and humble piety, of which it were to be wished there were more examples; though while we offer this testimony to the merits of the dead, it would ill become us to pass by those of the living; and we must mention that Lady Harcourt has ever had her full share in that constant exercise of public and private benevolence, which gives a benign lustre to the most splendid station.

To these qualities may be added his capacity for friendship; nor can we pass unnoticed a very signal example of it, in the asylum he afforded to the duke d'Harcourt and his family, when the French revolution drove them from the proud situation, the exalted rank, and extensive property which they possessed in their own country, to a state of dependance in this. Indeed to all, whatever their condition might be, who had shewn him kindness, or done him service, his friendship was appropriately directed. Mr. Whitehead, the poet-laureat, and Mr. Mason, the poet, were among those whom he distinguished by his early regard, and it accompanied them to the end of their lives; nor did it quit them there; in certain spots in his beautiful garden at Nuneham, which they respectively preferred, the urn and the tablet commemorate and record their virtues. The old and faithful domestics who died in his service are not without their memorials; and in the parochial church-yard the grave of an ancient gardener is distinguished by the flowers which are cultivated around it. These may be said to be little things, but they nevertheless mark the character of the heart which suggested them. It is almost superfluous to add, that to the nearer and dearer relations of life he exercised the virtues which they required of him.

Above all, Earl Harcourt was a sincere Christian; and it pleased that being who measures our days and years at his pleasure, to suffer him to attain an age beyond the common allotment of man. In his 74th year, he closed his venerable life.

Such is the imperfect tribute which affection offers to departed excellence—and it is offered with tears and with truth.

LIFE

LIFE *of* MISS ANNE SEWARD.

THIS lady was one among the recent number of females of high intellectual attainments and great natural possessions of mind. She was the daughter of the Rev. T. Seward, rector of Eyam, in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary of Litchfield. Miss Seward was his eldest daughter; she had several sisters and one brother, who all died in their infancy, excepting her second sister, who lived 'till she was nineteen, and then died on the eve of her nuptials.

Miss Anna Seward's attachment to poetry was manifest very early in life. Her father in vain attempted to stifle that youthful inclination; music, its sister, she was unacquainted with 'till she had reached her twenty-third year. Her accidental acquaintance with Lady Miller, of Bath Easton, first induced her to write for the poetic institution of that villa; and early in 1780, her noble elegy on Captain Cooke was published. An Ode to the Sun, and a beautiful Monody on Major André followed in the ensuing spring; and in the course of 1781, she had to lament the death of Lady Miller in lofty strains.

In 1784, Miss Seward published Louisa, a poetical novel, which ran through several editions. In 1787, an Epic Ode on the return of General Elliot from Gibraltar appeared. In March, 1790, her aged father died, in his 81st year. In the following spring she published her Llangollen Vale. One of her latest productions was, "Memoirs of Dr. Darwin," her late departed friend, whose admiration she possessed during life. It should be added, that the poems which accompany Llangollen Vale, are, one written on the coast of Hayle; another describing Wrexham and the inhabitants of its vicinity; the next, a runic poem, built on a terrific and sublime idea from the Norse poetry. The collection is closed by six sonnets, as specimens of a Centenary of Sonnets, which appeared afterwards with Horatian paraphrases subjoined, in 1798.

Miss Seward, in her youth, was extremely captivating; her eyes were of uncommon lustre, expressing at once the power of intellect and sensibility of heart; and her voice, both in speaking and reciting, was richly distinguished by sweetness and energy. She sung with much judgment and feeling; and her manners were at once courteous and commanding; even in the most advanced period of her life, she bore the marks of a lovely woman. Her mind was not less amiable than her person; and as for envy, or any of the baser passions, it was evident to all who knew her, that not any of those ignoble feelings that degrade a bright character ever found a resting-place in the mind of Miss Anna Seward.

Mrs. Seward, her mother, who died at sixty-six, in 1780, united the singular qualities of strong sense and great beauty.

She

She had also a taste for literary pursuits, which she encouraged in her daughters; and the mind of Mr. Seward, her father, long retained rich stores of classic knowledge; though he was often heard to say, "that intimacy with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, never enabled any person to write English verse well; for where nature had sown the germ of poetic genius, it could only be well cultivated in the bowers of the English muses.

She paid the debt of nature, a few weeks since, in the bishop's palace at Lichfield, and we understand she has bequeathed her manuscripts, with a hundred pounds, to Walter Scott, Esq. the author of Marmion; and her vast collection of letters, from and to the most eminent literary characters of her age, to Mr. Constable, the bookseller, who, we believe, is to select and publish two volumes of them annually. The remainder of her income, with the exception of some handsome legacies, she leaves to her relations by her father's side. Miss Seward was in the 66th year of her age when she died.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

SHERIFF's COURT, MAY 12.

CRIM. CON.

THE HON. HENRY WELLESLEY, *v.* THE HON. GENERAL LORD PAGET.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, Lady Charlotte Wellesley, the daughter of the earl of Cadogan, by which means he was deprived of her society, to the destruction of their conjugal happiness. Damages were laid at 20,000l. The defendant allowed judgment to go by default, and the sheriff this day summoned a special jury to assess damages.

Mr. Garrow stated, he had the honour of attending on the part of the plaintiff to seek reparation for one of the worst and most cruel injuries a married man could sustain. He did really think, as frequently as he addressed juries in such cases, this was one of the most difficult, and the most cruel that had ever come under his notice. The plaintiff was brother to the noble marquis of his name; the defendant was also of a noble family, of not less high estimation; Lady Charlotte was in rank not inferior to either; all the parties had been acquainted from their childhood; the plaintiff's and Lady Charlotte's ages were the same; it was a marriage of affection; it took place

in the month of September, 1803; the fruits of it were four fine children, who engrossed the kind love and attention of the father, and also, apparently, of the mother. The most perfect harmony and conjugal happiness reigned throughout, until this unfortunate circumstance took place. The plaintiff had been latterly engaged in the duties of a most important situation in the treasury, which prevented him from paying that assiduous attention to Lady Charlotte, that he was in the habit of; in fact, it left an opportunity for the defendant to pay attention to her, which he took advantage of, and finally seduced her. The defendant was the father of eight children, and a married man. He was commanded not to say a word that could hurt the feelings of Lady Charlotte, as the plaintiff's heart at that moment bled for her. He wished them to visit it on Lord Paget alone, and that in the only way it could now be visited —by damages. They were not to take into their consideration the gallant achievements of the defendant in the field; his bravery there could not heal the wound given to the plaintiff. He did not know what kind of defence would be set up by the defendant. He would produce some of the most respectable witnesses, to shew what conjugal affection they lived in. They all knew the talents of his learned friend, and if he held forth there was such a blaze of beauty, that the defendant could not withstand, he trusted the jury would not pay any attention to such a caricature of defence. He then called the witnesses.

The Rev. Mr. Sloan deposed he had been in the habit of living in the greatest intimacy with the plaintiff and Lady Charlotte, since their marriage; he never knew any thing but the most tender conduct from the plaintiff to Lady Charlotte, and from her to him, until very lately. He was in the habit of meeting her at houses where they were mutually acquainted, from whence he sometimes accompanied her, with other ladies, to the opera; when it was concluded, she made it an invariable rule to return home, and inquire if the plaintiff was at home; and if he was, she alighted and remained with him.

Lord George Seymour, the dean of Windsor, and Mr. Sydenham, corroborated the testimony of the first witness.

Mr. Garrow observed, the plaintiff's case was closed.

Mr. Dallas, counsel for the defendant, observed, he was well aware of the difficulty and embarrassment he had to get over in defending this case. He agreed with his learned friend that it was a case of great aggravation. According to the directions of his noble client, he would not attempt to defend or mitigate the unfortunate step he had taken, nor would he attempt to take any thing from the colouring of the picture so ably painted by the learned counsel; he would not attempt to take away any thing from the calamities of the situation of

the

the plaintiff, who was so much injured. He was instructed to say, if any amount of damages would compensate for the injury, the noble defendant was ready to submit to the payment of them; but Lord Paget well knew, that damages could not be any compensation, or heal the wound so severely given; but that the great object of the plaintiff must be to gain that, the foundation of which has already cost him so much pain. This not being a criminal prosecution, the defendant being a husband, and the father of a numerous family, had nothing to do with the case; in a criminal case he allowed it might; but in a civil one it had no right to be put in the scales, for it was the same to the injured party, whether she eloped with a married or a single man; at least, the injury was the same, however the feelings might be affected. His noble client trusted his case to the jury, with the confidence that they would act as men, and men only. The defendant and Lady Charlotte met in their early days, in their youth, which brought about what happened in their riper years; from seeing and enjoying the playfulness of youth, produced friendship, which ripened into love, and the veil dropped. They tried to make resistance against what they both knew to be improper. Their first resolution was never to meet again—in this great town, from the custom of the age, it was impossible. She called religion to her aid, and thought by its all-powerful influence to wash away her crime by repentance, but in vain. The noble defendant had tried even more strong means. He had adopted the noble profession of arms, and his name and exploits were the theme of every soldier. He seemed to have been in possession of all human happiness, until this passion overcame him. How is he now situated? Degraded and shunned by the society by whom he was looked up to as a polar star, he sought for foreign service, and obtained it. It would be insulting to the jury, to attempt to describe the perilous situation he placed himself in, and the wonderful escape he had—for the common news of the day informed them. Prodigal of his life, he ran into every danger, knowing that if he returned, he could not withstand his passion. He was near saying he unfortunately escaped, and returned; for if he had fallen, he would have died in a bed of honour, and the tears of his country would have flowed for him. Although he could not give up his passion, he thought to give up his life to preserve the honour of both. He trusted the jury would take into consideration what the noble defendant now suffered, from his loss of public estimation—and concluded by observing, there was this moral to be drawn from the unfortunate situation of the defendant—"Let no man say, thus far my passion shall go, and no farther."

The sheriff summed up the evidence, and told the jury it was their duty to assess the damages.

The jury, after considering ten minutes, returned a verdict of twenty thousand pounds damages.

Inquiry respecting the Custom of marking Seamen's Arms with an Anchor.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

IT is well known that most of our seamen, who have been abroad, have either one or both arms marked with an anchor, &c. &c. I shall feel myself obliged if either of your correspondents, who know how the operation is performed, will communicate an account of the method, through the medium of your pleasing publication.

S. T.

TIT FOR TAT.

SUPERSTITION has introduced singular customs into marriage. Belet, an old French historian, tells us, that in different provinces of France, the wife used to beat the husband on the third feast of Easter: the reason which they gave was, that this practice indicated the obligation under which the married pair lay to correct each other.

Answer, by George Harvey, Jun. of Plymouth, to the Question, proposed December 19, 1808.

IF, as per question, the superficies which generates a solid, be a part of that solid, by the same argument the line which generates the superficies is a part of that superficies, and the point which generates that line, is a part of that line. But when the length of the line vanishes, it then becomes a mathematical point, or nothing, that is relative nothing, or infinitely small, when compared to a line. But a point cannot be absolutely nothing; if so, it would be impossible for the writers on geometry to give a definition of a point as a geometrical term. And it is upon this principle that the whole science of geometry depends; a line being made up of an infinite number of points infinitely small; a plane of an infinite number of lines infinitely narrow; and a solid made up of an infinite number of planes infinitely thin. A *plane* then has *thickness*, and the assertion of the ingenious proposer is true.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to W. B.'s Anagram, inserted March 13.

THE CHERRY is a well-known fruit,
Which doth the ladies' palates suit.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; W. Lawrence, of Plymouth; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Colley, St. German's; G. Pearse, of Bodmin; H. Richards, jun. of Exmouth; J. Price, of Yeovil; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. W. Norman, of North Petherton; and W. Petherton.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to Adrianus's Rebus, inserted March 13.

WHILE fame resounds the deeds of heroes slain,
Who fight and fall upon the hostile plain,
So long shall echo loud the name of MOORE,
Who nobly fell upon Iberia's shore.

††† Similar answers have been received from W. Lawrence, and R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. W. of Charmouth; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; John Melhuish, of Honiton; C Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; G. Pearse, of Bodmin; J. Colley, St. German's; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; Mary Ann Allen, of Milton; L. N. S. Tucker, of Bugford; T. Whicker, of Exeter; H. Richards, jun. M. Perriam, and J. Miller, of Exmouth; R. Sibly, of Roach; S. Moore, and T. Pearse, of Chard; J. H. Hurst, of Wareham; J. Woodman, North Curry; J. Price, of Yeovil; and J. W. of Ottery.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, of London.*

A Beauteous flower, from Holland brought,
Its rivals are but few, 'tis thought;
An insect must my second be,
The emblem of frugality:

These parts combin'd will make appear
An ornaments which Indians wear.

An ENIGMA, *by George Pearse, of Bodmin.*

WE are alike in body and in size,
And each of us adorn'd with many eyes;
By man we are into a cavern cast,
Toss'd here and there at pleasure, 'till at last
He takes and throws us on a level plain,
To some great pleasure, and to others pain;
Men us sometimes so eagerly pursue,
That enmities arise and murders too;
We do, as almost every other thing,
Pay duty to our sovereign lord the king;
Happy the man who shuns a dreadful bait,
Thousands thro' us have curs'd their wretched fate;
Yet some we raise to very high degree,
And others sink to abject poverty.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SPRING.

LO! verdant spring returns, with all her band,
To strew a fair luxuriance o'er the land!
The meadows now are clad in richest green,
And nature's works afford a charming scene.
No more doth winter, with his ruthless hand,
Spread desolation o'er the fertile land;
No more is heard the pow'rful, dreadful gale,
With loud, reiterated storms of hail!
No longer's felt the dire protracted show'r,
That did in devastating torrents pour;
But fatt'ning drops enrich th' enliven'd earth,
And genial show'rs to various plants give birth;

Now let us hie, and climb yon mountain's height,
To view the lovely, soul-enchanting sight;
To see the verdant pastures far around,
And woods and dales with pregnant foliage crown'd;
Where shrubs and bushes all their leaves unfold,
Which yield a prospect beauteous to behold.

The shepherd now admires, with conscious pride,
His copious flocks, while browsing by his side:
With little wanton lambs that gaily skip,
And strive in harmless sports their mates t'outstrip;
Exert their infant limbs to scour the plain,
While tender dams, distracted, bleat in vain;
But mark what frantic joy as they return,
Their soft and piteous hearts with ardour burn.
See how they run! with matron feeling stung,
To meet their dearest, yet unthinking young.

The useful husbandman, with arduous toil,
Manures and cultivates the fruitful soil;
Throws in the abundant earth the precious grain,
In hopes the harvest will reward his pain.

The tow'ring lark ascends at break of day,
And doth with joy his grateful homage pay;
Attunes his voice, amidst the feather'd throng,
And quavers out his sweet, harmonious song.
Where'er we rove, t'inhale the wafting breeze,
Or should we seek a covert midst the trees,
The flow'rs diffuse their od'rous fragrance round,
And feather'd choirs their various songs resound.

When, in the western sky, bright Sol retreats,
And night hath dropt her sable mantle's plaits,
When busy man hath left each worldly scene,
And all around is halcyon and serene,
Sweet Philomela! lovely chanting bird,
Begins her song, which from yon thicket's heard;
There, seated on some bush remote from harms,
Her melody with double transport charms;

How

How oft at eve I've rov'd, elate with joy,
To hear her rapturous notes, that never cloy.

Oh thou propitious Sov'reign of the Skies!
Thy wonders fill each being with surprise;
Thy glorious works do, each succeeding day,
Afford fresh proofs of thy almighty sway.
What blessings doth thy bounteous hand bestow
On frail and helpless mortals here below!
Then let us all our hearts and voices raise,
And join with one accord thy name to praise.
Yet one more favour Oh do thou perform!
Quickly expel that dread, impetuous storm,
Which long hath troubled Europe's blest repose,
And our allies turn'd to invet'rate foes.
Crown all thy blessings with a lasting peace,
And make calamity and bloodshed cease!
No longer let the war's dire horrors rage,
But soon the tyrant's conqu'ring arm assuage!
That in Britannia's highly-favour'd isle,
Plenty may rear her head, and commerce smile.
Let our brave countrymen return once more,
Who are imprison'd on some hostile shore,
Those heroes who have fought to keep us free,
Deserve that heav'nly blessing, liberty!
Let them once more their wives and children see,
And end their days in true felicity:
Then we will of thy bounties ever sing,
And gladly welcome each returning spring.

Bridgewater, April 24, 1809. J. TROOD.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

[From Mayne's Poems.]

FIRST of the spring that smiles on me,
I pay my early court to thee!
But, well-a-day! how chang'd the scene,
Since, erst, I hail'd thee on the green!
Then life and love were in their prime;
Then winter smil'd like summer-time.
Now life and love are on the wing,
Now winter riots in the spring;
And, ev'n in summer, nought I see
But drizzling show'rs and blights for me;
With frequent coffins passing by,
Sad monitors that death is nigh!
Oh! when that solemn hour shall come,
Which seals my passport to the tomb,
Be faith and resignation mine,
And that sweet soother, hope divine!

First of the spring that smiles on me,
Again I pay my court to thee!
May no rude hand profane thy sweets!
No caitiff bawl thee thro' the streets!
Or, if thou art displanted there,
To grace the bosom of the fair,
Oh teach simplicity to them
Who never knew the peerless gem!
Tell those, by error led astray,
That wisdom is the only way
Which leads to purity like thine—
Which leads to ev'ry grace divine!